

ULTIMATE COMICS™

X-MEN®

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ISSUE 04



MARVEL



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**LIVING IN A WORLD
WHERE MUTANTS ARE
HATED AND FEARED MORE
THAN EVER, ONE GROUP
OF YOUNG HEROES HAS
BANDED TOGETHER TO
FIGHT BACK.**

ULTIMATE COMICS X-MEN



PREVIOUSLY:

With mutants locked up in camps across the country, the order is to capture or kill any others on sight. Kitty Pryde, a.k.a. The Shroud, Bobby Drake a.k.a. Iceman, and Johnny Storm, a.k.a. The Human Torch, have banded together. Wolverine's son, Jimmy Hudson, went off on his own in search of answers about his father, but he's captured by the mutant-hating William Stryker. Jimmy managed to escape and return to Kitty and the gang, revealing Stryker's next move: taking all mutants down for good.

Meanwhile, Pietro Lensherr, a.k.a. Quicksilver, has offered the U.S. government a mutant-tracking device: the newly designed Cerebra. With the government able to capture mutants with ease, and Stryker's deadly plan coming to fruition, can the heroes do anything to stop them?

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NEW YORK CITY.
THE DAY OF MAGNETO'S ATTACK.









--Get up, boy.



Dad--?
Is it--Is it
really you--

Hello,
William. You
look like you've
seen better
days.



Dad--oh
God, they--they
killed John...*they*
killed Kate...
they took
everything...

That
right?



Dad,
please...I
don't know what
to do...th-they're
gone...it hurts too
much...please...tell
me what to
do...

What
should you
do?



What
should you
do?



"I'll make a man
of you, yet."

CRACK

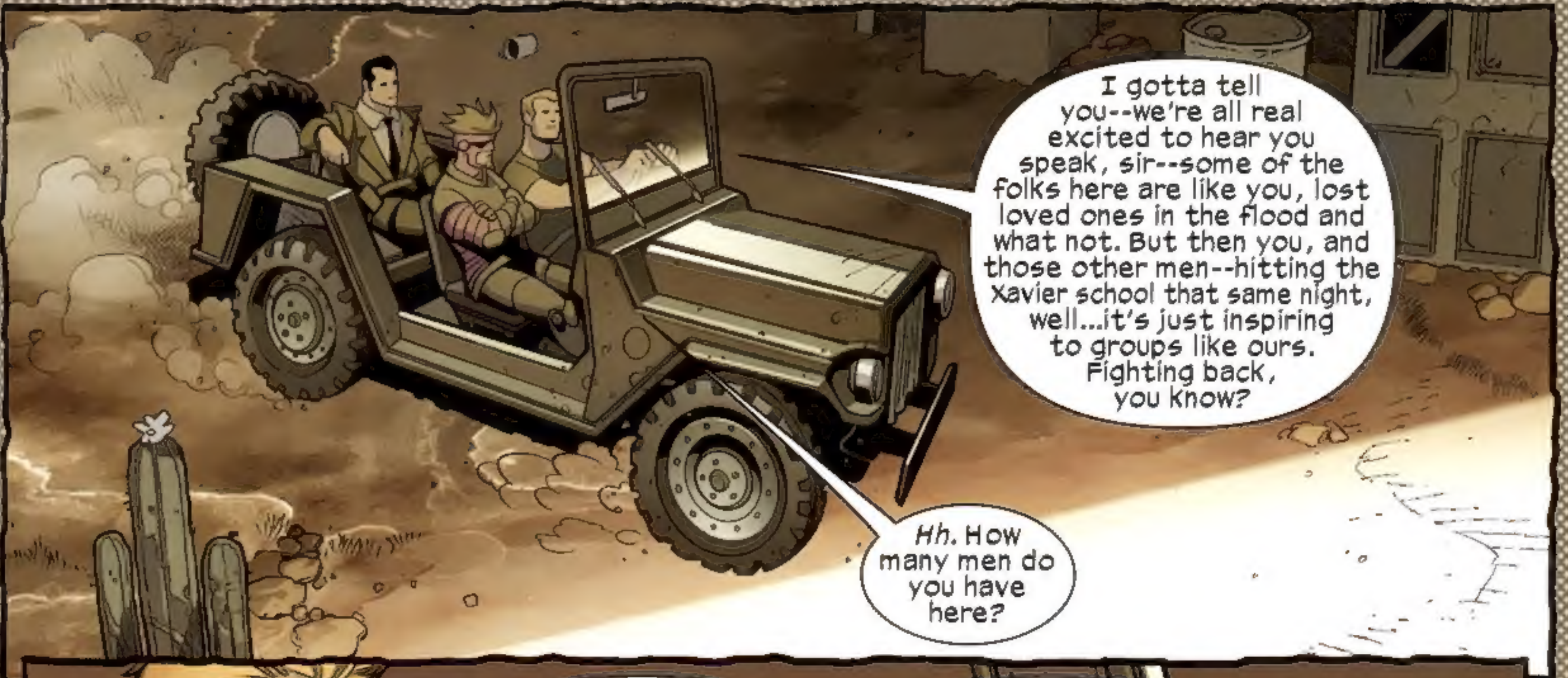


Reverend
Stryker?

Yes?



They're
ready, sir.





NOW. THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, DC.

"Let me
just see if I
get this..."

You're
trying to sell
us arms, Mr.
Lensherr?

No, no--you
misunderstand
me, *Ms. Cooper*...
I don't want to *sell*
anything to you. I
am offering it...as
a gift to you.

Well, I'm
sure that
doesn't come
with any strings
attached.

Are you
questioning my
Integrity?

If I could confirm its existence.
Mister President, we don't
need *Cerebro*. S.H.I.E.L.D. has its
own mutant tracking technology
and it's--

Horrendously
outdated and
obviously quite *useless*
given this government's complete
inability to locate most of them.

We're talking about finding
needles in haystacks here.
Invisible, telepathic
needs.

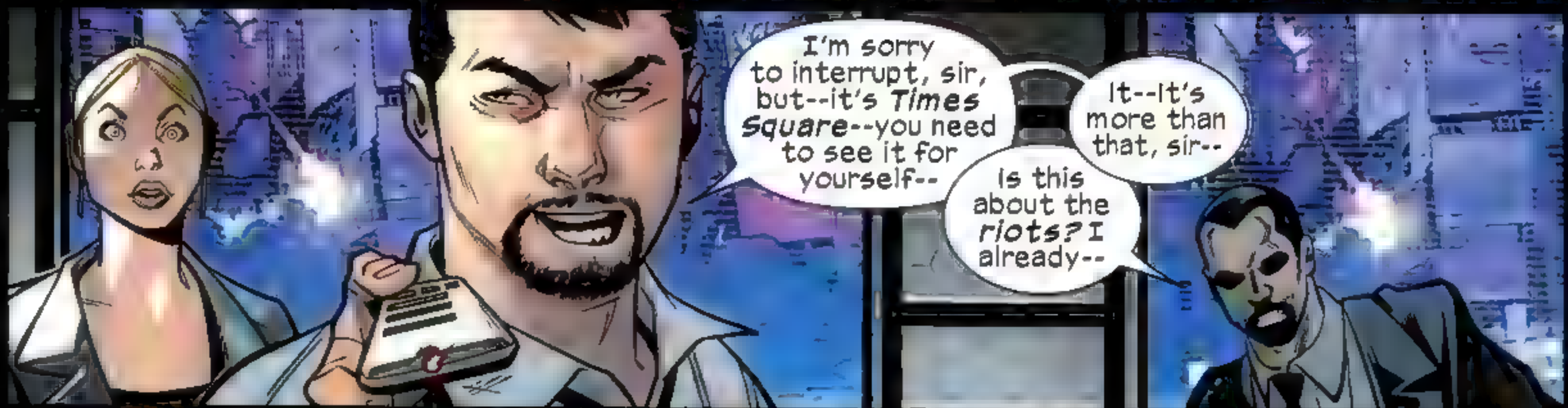
Which is
precisely what my technology
can empower you to do. My
Cerebra upgrade to the original
design provides comprehensive,
global coverage with real-time--

I'm
sorry--



Mister President--

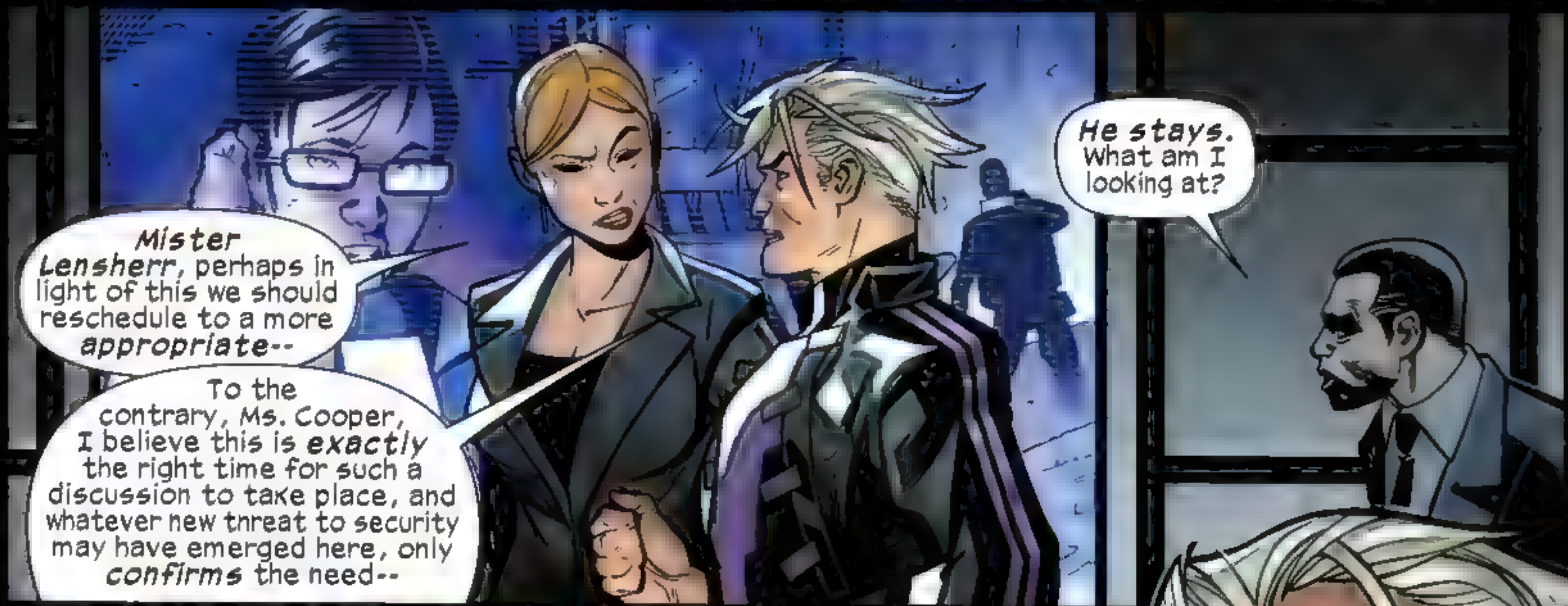
Philip, what the hell?!



I'm sorry to interrupt, sir, but--it's *Times Square*--you need to see it for yourself--

It--It's more than that, sir--

Is this about the riots? I already--



Mister Lensherr, perhaps in light of this we should reschedule to a more appropriate--

To the contrary, Ms. Cooper, I believe this is *exactly* the right time for such a discussion to take place, and whatever new threat to security may have emerged here, only *confirms* the need--

He stays. What am I looking at?



About six minutes ago, snipers took out every riot cop and National Guardsman working Midtown.

Then a series of bombings all down Broadway between Forty and Forty-fifth.

And before all the glass has even hit the ground, *this* guy steps up on top of an NYPD van and starts rallying what's left of the crowd--

His name is William Stryker Jr.





But God
has given me
a *message* to
deliver--

A message
to the kings of
this world!



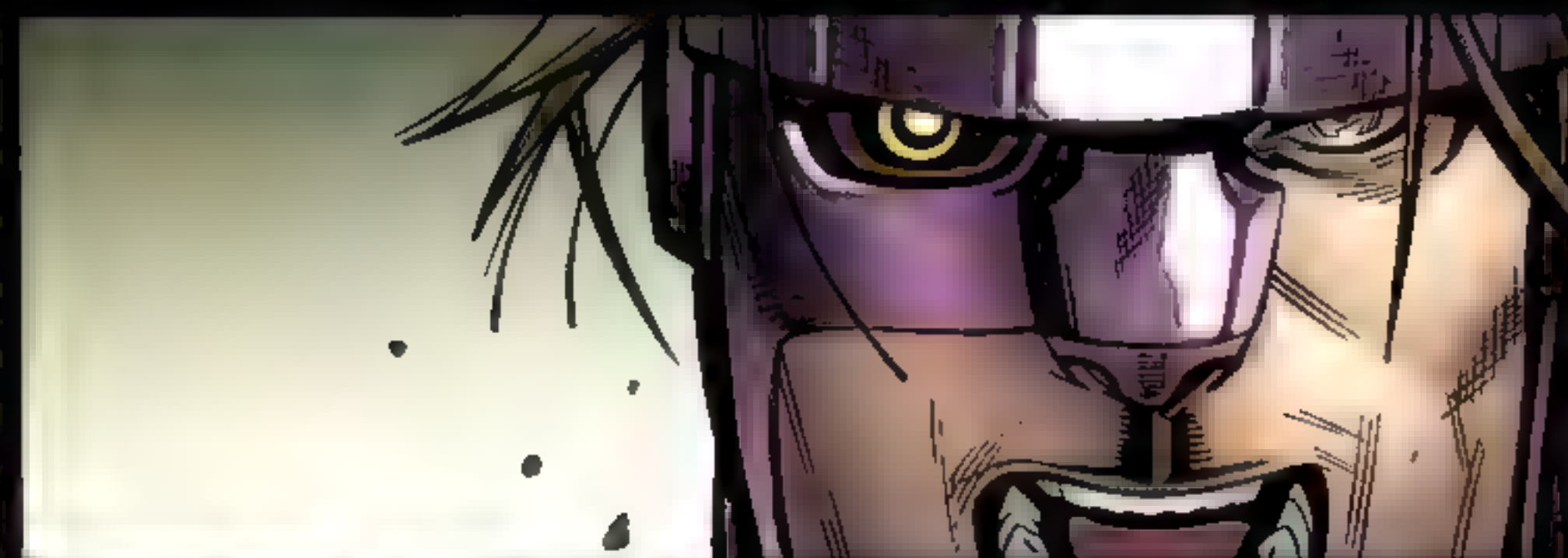
He has *seen* your
transgressions!

He has *seen*
all that you
have done.



In your hubris,
on your thrones
in your castles,
you *plotted*. You
said I will make
myself *like* the
most high!

And so you
poisoned your
own *children*. And
so you placed your
idols inside that
temple most
sacred.

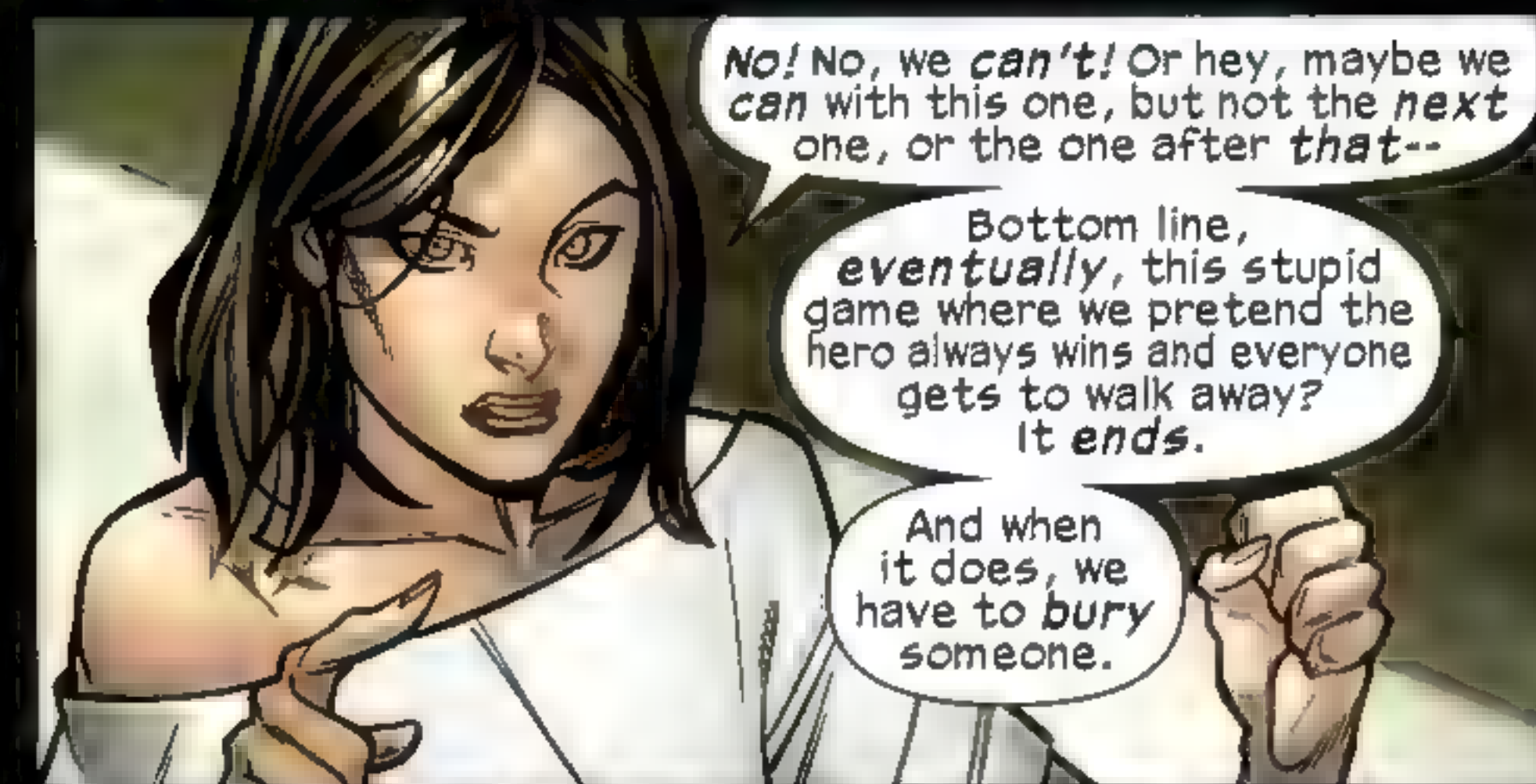
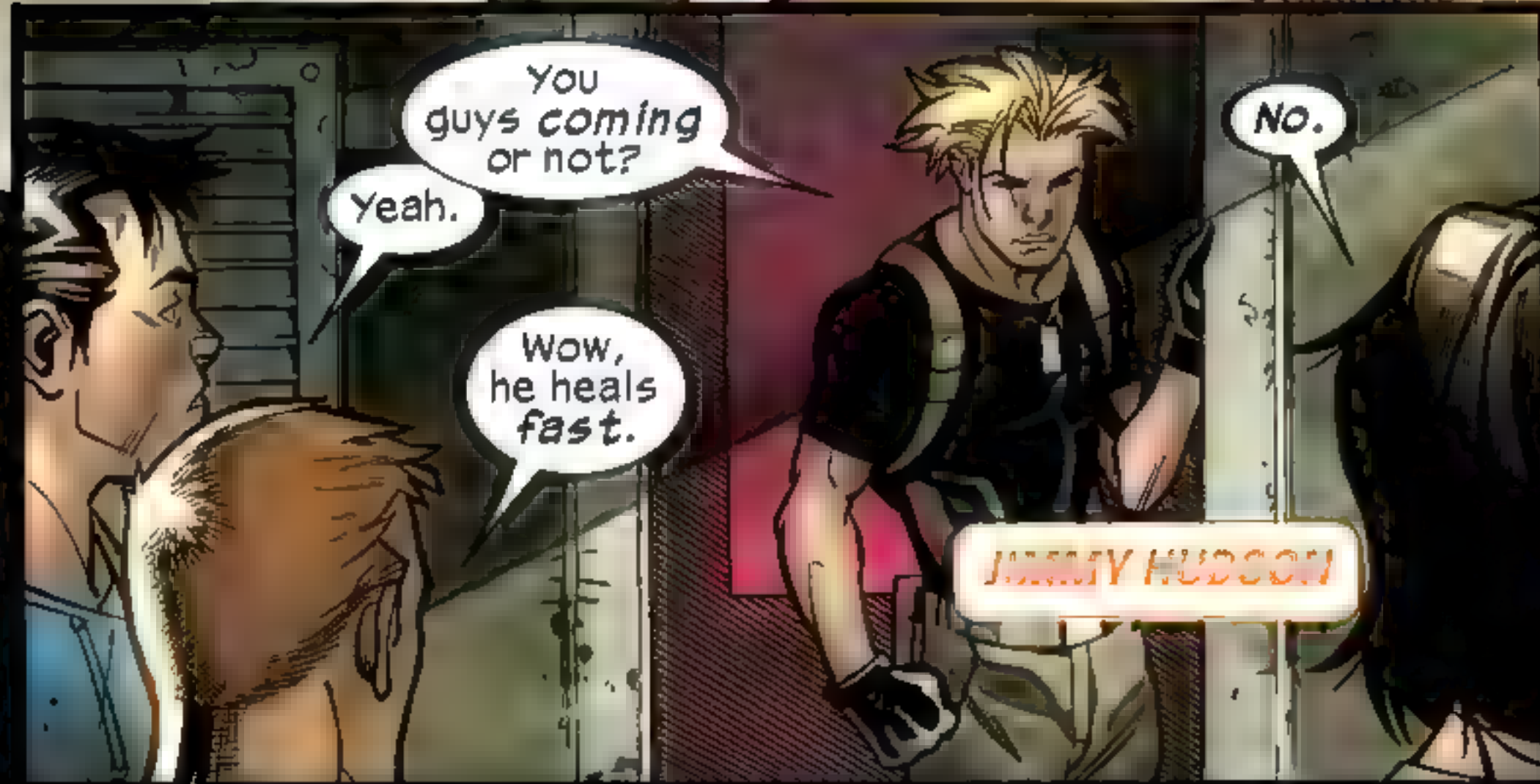


Now, on this
day--*this* day
when you stand
exposed, and
shamed, when your
wicked plans have
been made known
to *all*--



Today he
would judge you
for what you
have done.

MORLOCK TUNNELS.





Sorry,
"we"?

Johnny,
easy--

What
did you just
say?

No, Bobby. I am *sick* to
death of getting lectured
by her like she's the
only one who cares
he's gone--

Oh, please, like
I didn't notice how you
guys were acting while we
were getting those Sentinels
off Rogue? *Goofing around*
and acting like--

*Acting like
he wasn't gone?!*
Yeah, you know what,
you're right. Because
that's what he would
want us to--

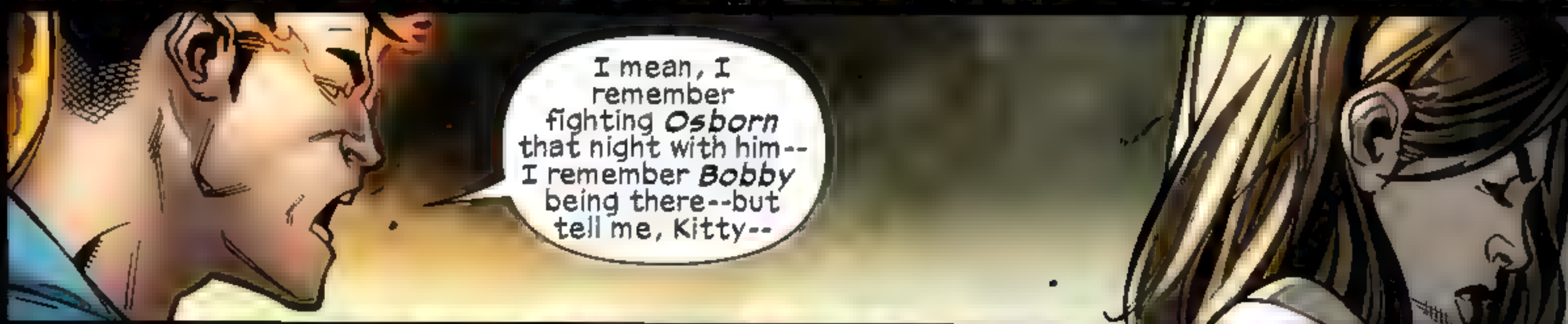
He'd
want us to
stay alive,
end of
story.



Oh, really?!
And you know
so well--

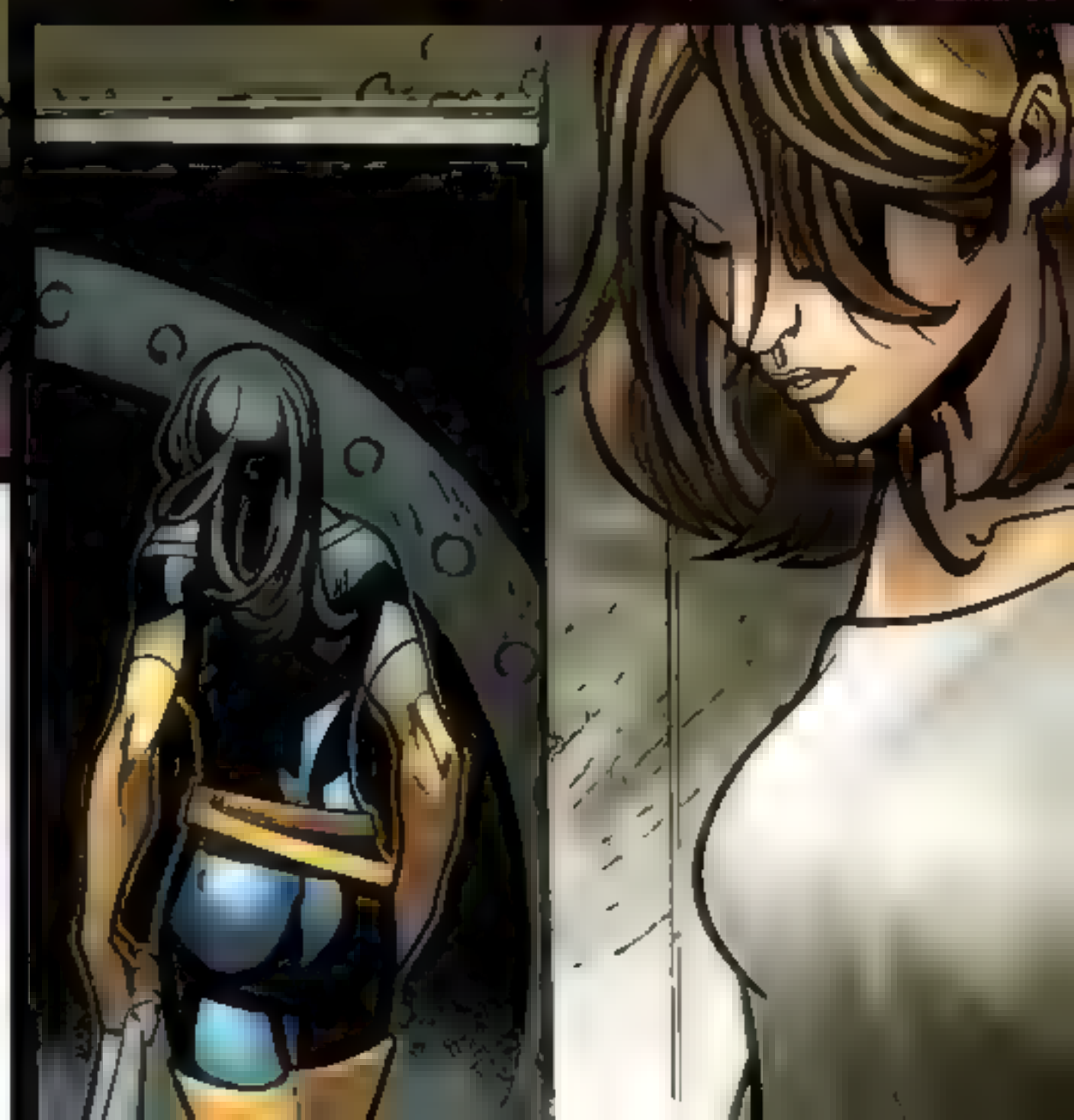
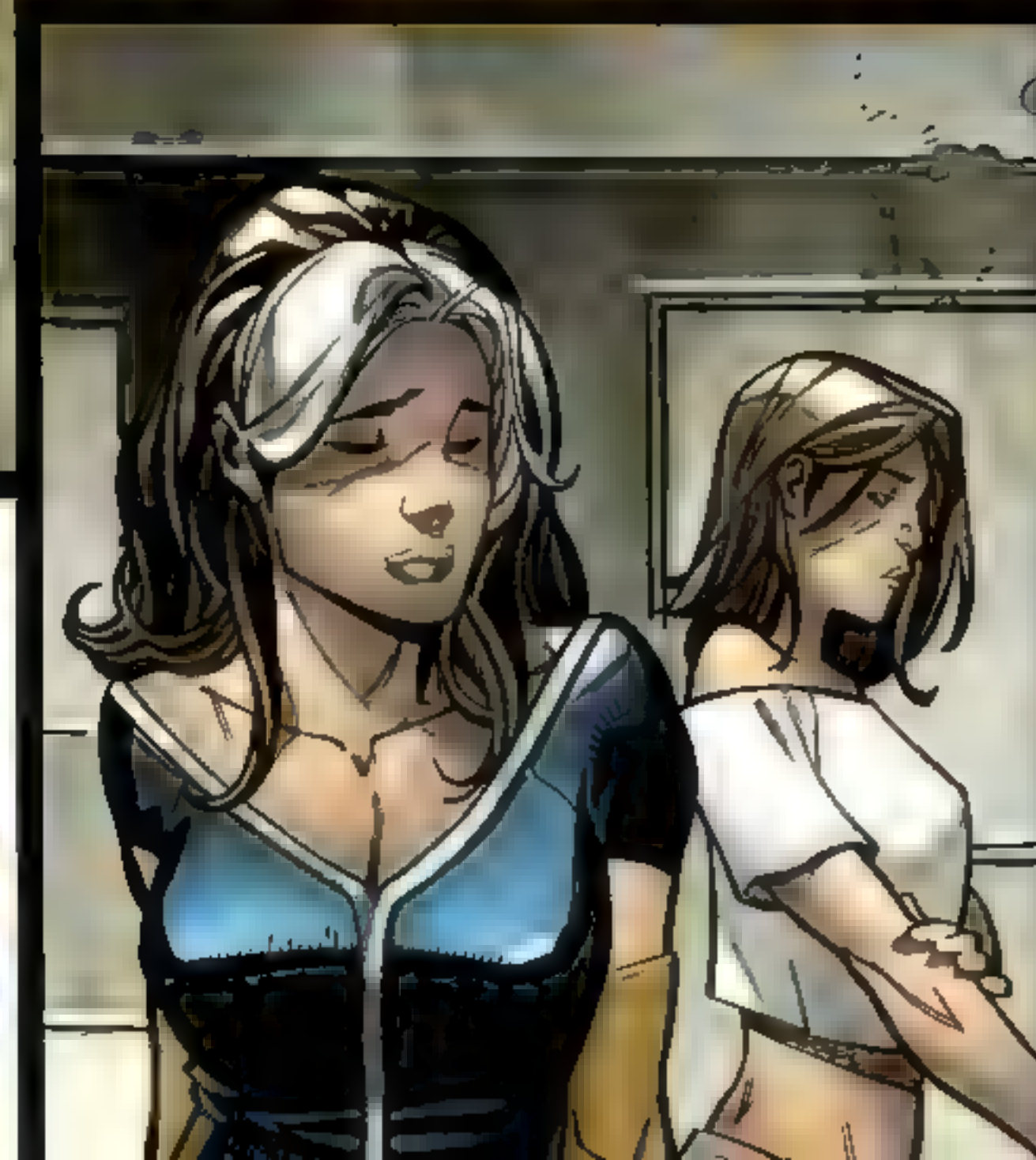
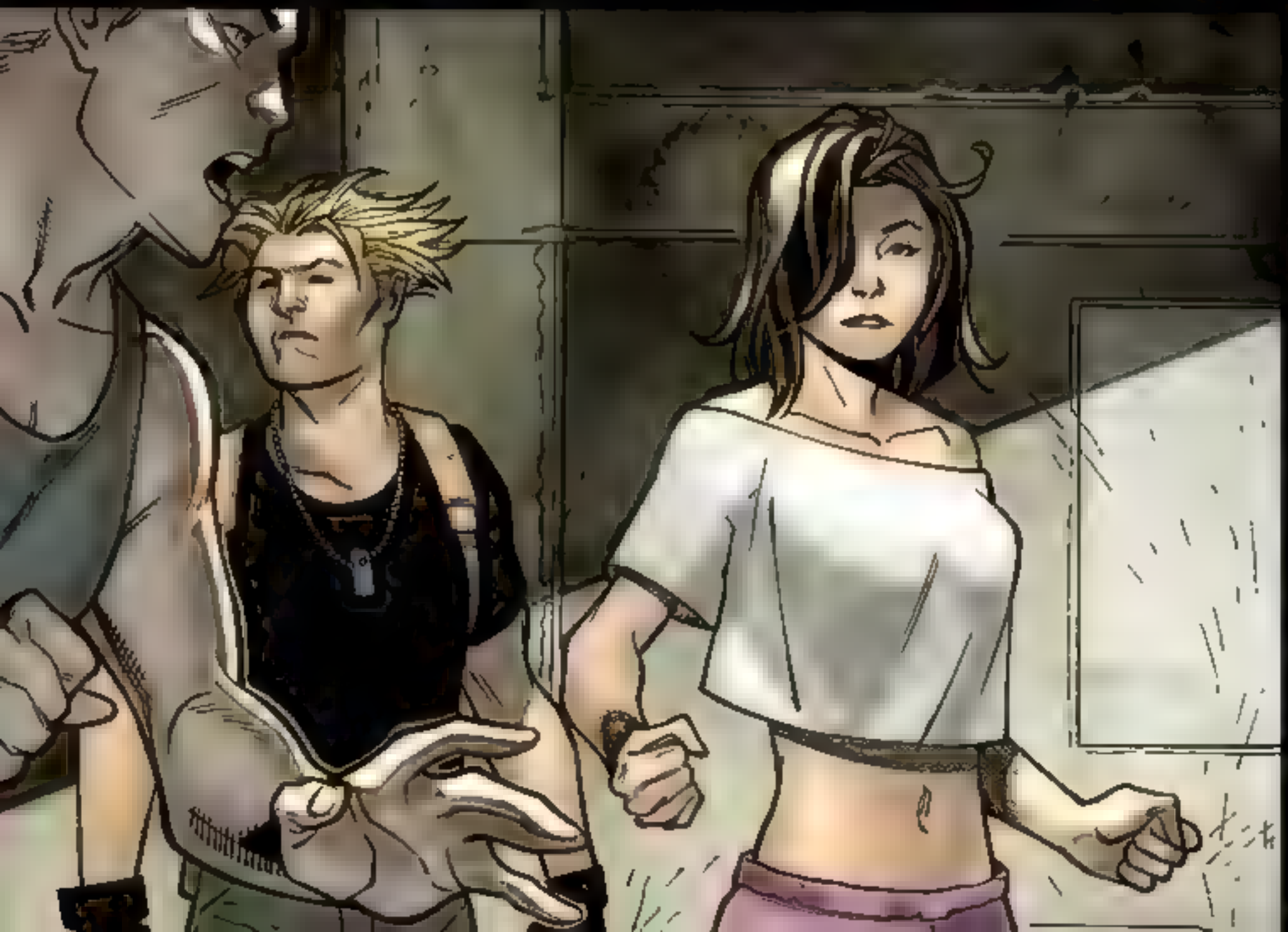
Johnny,
come on,
man--

No--I wanna
hear this! How
do you know so
well what he
wanted when
he died?



I mean, I
remember
fighting *Osborn*
that night with him--
I remember *Bobby*
being there--but
tell me, Kitty--

Where
the hell were
you?!!!



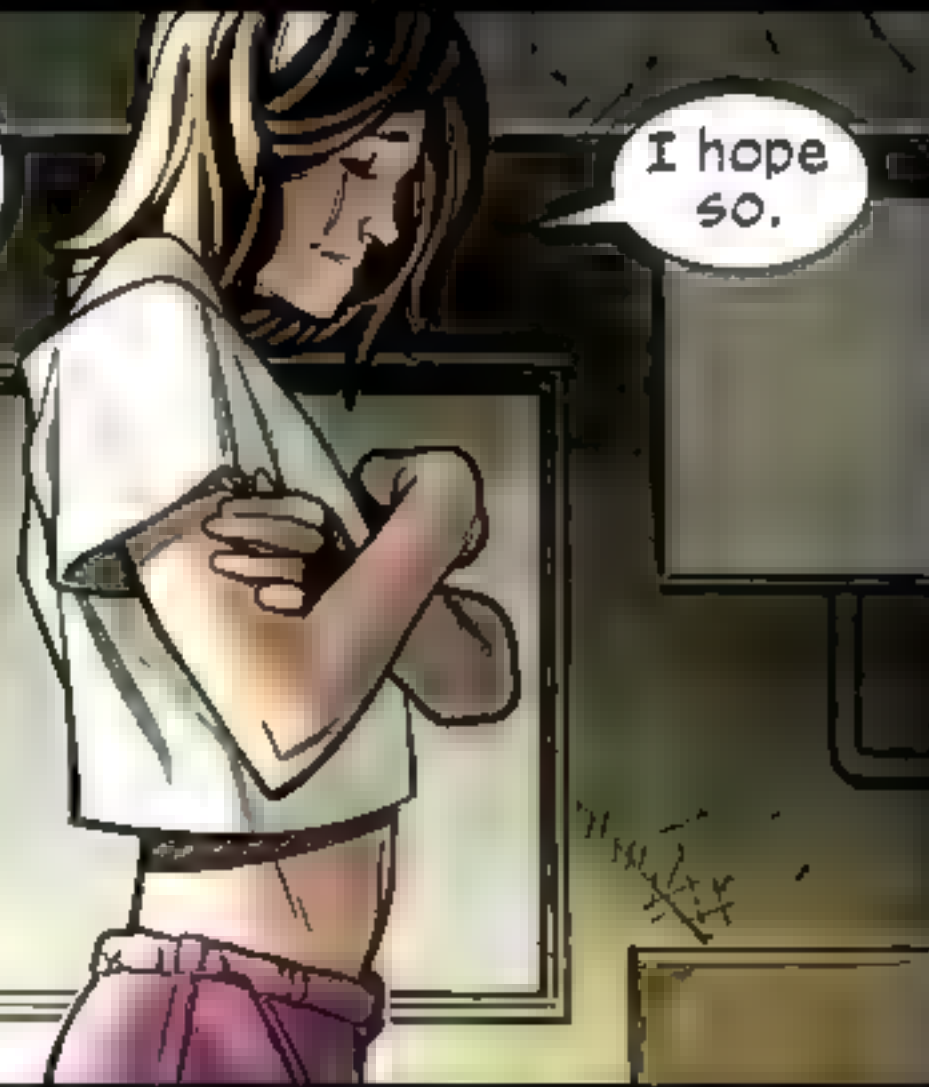




Because I'm scared.



You shouldn't be scared. Jimmy can beat him up.



I hope so.



And besides, the bad man would never hurt that white-haired girl.

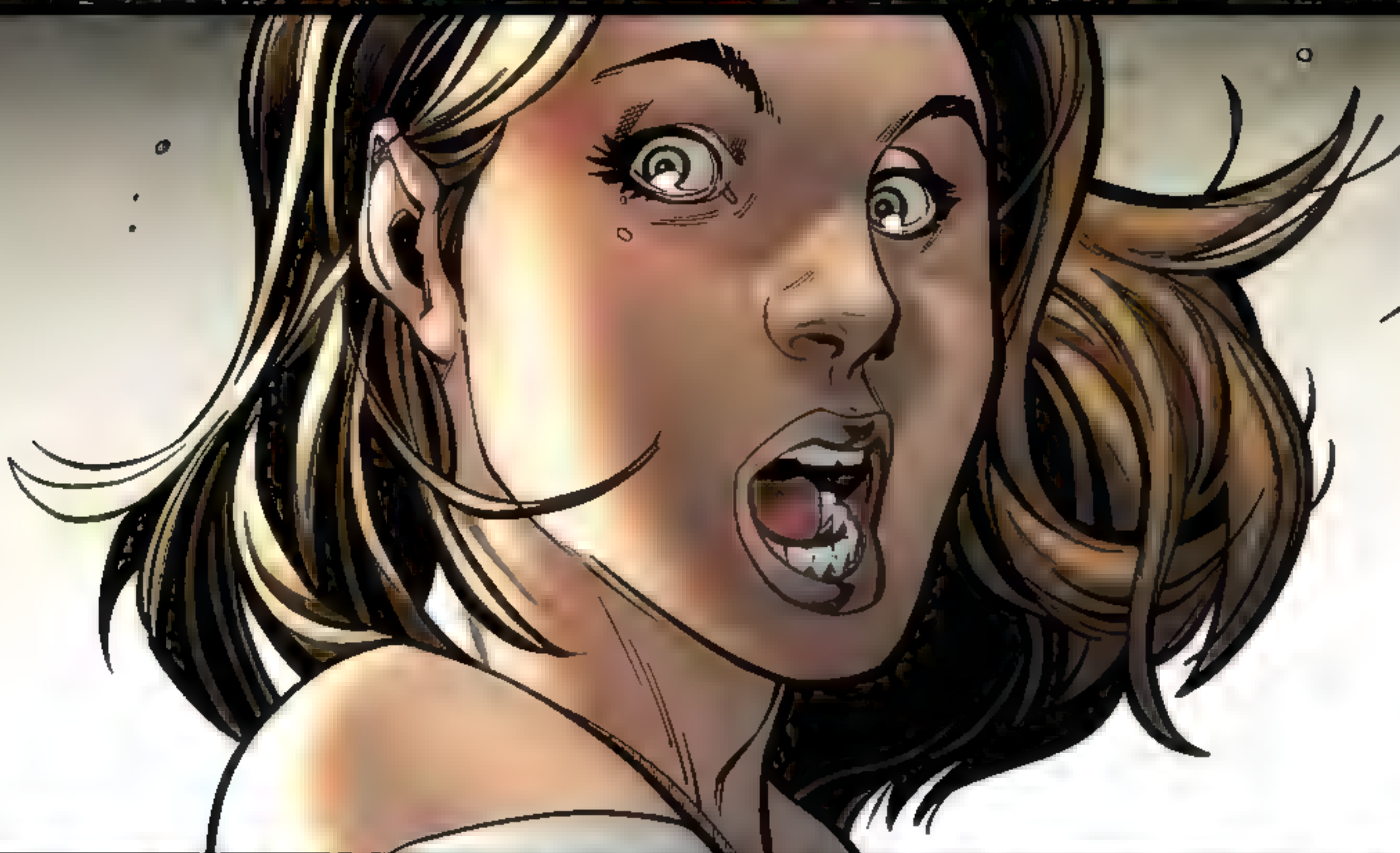


Yeah? Why not?



Because he thinks she's his friend. I saw them talking back at the place they kept us at.

He likes her.



wait-- what?

There was a man brought to The Lord--a paralytic, carried to the Lord on a cot by his friends.

When the Savior saw him, he was moved so deeply by their faith-- He told the man, "*take heart, son--your sins have been forgiven.*"

And the teachers of the law were angered at the *Son--blasphemy*, they said. Only *God* can forgive sin, they said.

And the Savior *knew* their thoughts, and said to them, which is easier? To forgive this man his sins, or to *heal* him?

And so the Lord turned to the man and told him to take up his bed and *walk*.

And this is *our* calling now. They will tell us we cannot be forgiven this sin--this sin that destroys our cities and slays our children--that our robes cannot be made clean.

They will not believe--

So we must *show* them God's power.

But first we must be made whole here, *together!* Before we may witness to the world, we must make *secure* our place in the eyes of the Lord!

Who here would like to be *saved*?

Who here is like that man who was carried unto The Lord? I can *feel* your presence--and I know you can hear *his* voice--listen to it, listen to what it tells you...

Come forward, come to his altar, and talk to him--

Yes, young lady, come forward, be *healed* today--

Please...

I want to be forgiven.



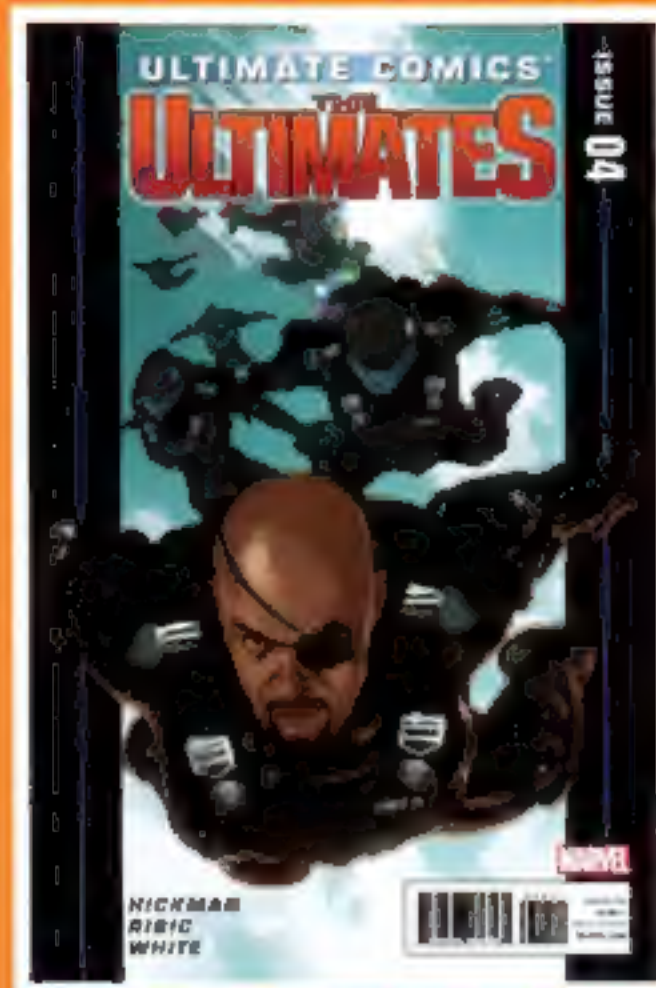
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